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Commonweal

FREEDOM AND EDUCATION

by Alfred Whitney Griswold

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THE WATCH: A POEM . . . . . John Fandel

REPORT FROM RUSSIA . . . Gunnar D. Kumlien

TRAITOROUS TRUENESS . . . . . John Cogley

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

HALF-TON SPUTNIK

THERE WAS ample demonstration that convictions based on ideological and national prejudices (if not on deeply rooted wishes) die hard in the reactions to the second Soviet space satellite. Washington took great pains to appear unflurried, with the White House spokesman assuring the press that the new accomplishment was "within the pattern of what was anticipated." There was a recurrence of the American aplomb that greeted the first satellite. Typical of an attitude that is still widely held were the comments of the *Wall Street Journal* which tended to doubt any view that "accepts without question the premise that we are seriously behind the Russians in rocket development." Nor is such confidence confined to the United States. Sir Leslie Monroe of New Zealand, for example, declared that "scientific achievements will not disturb a balance of power because there are scientists all around the world."

Of course, reaction to the new *sputnik* was not all in the same direction. Critics of Administration policies within Congress and outside became more vehement. The British press was particularly outspoken in its recognition of the extent of Russia's superiority in the fields of missiles and satellites. Even in Washington itself, despite Secretary McElroy's assertion that "our program is in very good shape right now," some serious re-appraisal seems more and more inevitable.

The lines of self-justification by the Administration, assorted scientists and various American publicists have been curiously ineffectual. Much was made, at first, of the assertion that if the United States had cared to go in for satellites, we could have arrived there first. Instead, our scientists are supposed to have been concentrating directly on "the ultimate weapon," the intercontinental ballistic missile. But now, it seems, we have been firing our test weapons at a target no more precise than ten thousand square miles of open ocean, while the Soviets claim that they have hit a real target with an I.C.B.M. of their own. And it might also be pointed out that the weight of their new satellite propelled a thousand miles out into space is comparable to that needed for an atomic warhead.

ANOTHER APPROACH, which tends to be a shade more convincing, is that there is no such thing as over-all superiority in this and related fields. The Russians have clearly surpassed us in certain technical achievements, the argument goes, while we are way ahead of them in others. Such consolation can be readily punctured, however, by a short list of recent Soviet feats. Reuters reports that the weight of the new satellite "almost certainly means that the Russians have discovered a new fuel which is at least ten times more efficient than the best rocket fuel in the West." The new jet-prop plane capable of carrying a hundred and twenty passengers from Moscow to New York in twelve hours or less is said to have engines twice as powerful as those on similar aircraft outside the U.S.S.R. And the claim that our commercial airlines do not use such powerful engines because it would not be feasible economically appears to be countered by the Russian statement that the cost of operating the new plane is comparable to that of ordinary rail travel.

The Russian catalogue of achieved and immediately promised achievements in the physical sciences could be extended considerably. The first atom-powered surface ship, an icebreaker, is about to be launched in the Soviet Union. There are reports of such headway in the development of radar-directed interceptor missiles by the Russians, as eventually to deprive this country, at least tem-

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porarily, of the all-important deterrent power of decisive retaliation. In the biological sciences Russian experts have also been making great strides on their own in recent years. The live dog projected into space in the second satellite is to be followed by an ape and undoubtedly soon after by human beings. When men are directing mechanisms from space platforms in outer space, there will be an ultimate in offensive and defensive weapons.

Frightening as the whole prospect may be, these are hardly times calling for reassurance on the part of our political leaders. It is rather a time for a facing of the facts. One of these is surely the number of years headstart enjoyed by the Soviet Union, and the years that will be required before this country and its allies close the gap. Another is the way the balance of power is being altered in the world. And if our prestige as an ally is so greatly impaired by this lag, we must in the interval place increasing emphasis on technical and economic aid. Finally, there is no choice but to postpone indefinitely all thought of anything like cutting taxes; Americans from now on will be much less able to confine themselves to their own private concerns. On the contrary they must gird themselves for a much more intense stage in a worldwide struggle.

GIFTS AND GIVERS

THE NATION hasn't heard so much about gift-giving in Washington since the closing days of the Truman regime, when mink coats and deep-freezes dominated the front pages. News about King Saud's gift of an automobile to the wife of a State Department protocol official caused a considerable furor, and it later developed that the visiting Arabian ruler dispensed his largesse around the capital in precisely the manner expected of Oriental potentates. Hard on the heels of this revelation came the word about Mrs. Eisenhower's fur coat. Maine's beaver trappers, it seems, made her a present of some prime pelts which she then had made into a coat at a cost to herself of $385. Value of the finished product: $1800.

Nobody has ever come up with a real solution to the problem of gift-giving and -taking in Washington. The difficulty is illustrated well enough in these two most recent cases. Few people are prepared to defend the judgment of the State Department official who allowed his wife to accept such a lavish present from Saud, but most do not see the case of Mrs. Eisenhower and the beavers in

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the same way. Maine's beaver-trappers made their gift to the President's wife in an effort to get publicity for the sagging beaver trade, they say, and goodness knows they got their wish, while Mrs. Eisenhower got a new coat in the bargain. What's the harm?

Asked about the gift problem by newspapermen, President Eisenhower said he thought "good taste" would serve as a suitable criterion as to which gifts to accept and which to refuse. Mr. Dulles called it a great headache, and said that he sometimes dealt with it by giving a gift of equal value in return—a solution good enough for him, perhaps, but hardly feasible for officials less well-to-do. Representative Robert Keating of New York, a Republican who gave the Democrats a hot time over their minks and deep-freezes, was very concerned about all these developments. He told reporters that the same standards should apply to Democrats and Republicans alike, and there was some talk of a Congressional inquiry into the whole business.

For our part, we certainly have no definite answer to the delicate question of when a gift is just a gift and when it becomes an attempt at undue influence. All we can offer is this tentative attempt at clarification, based on observation from afar: if a government official has enough money not to need the present, no one cares if he takes it; if he is poor enough that he could really use it, he had better return it fast or he is in trouble.

THE *TIME* VERSION

THAT THE WRITERS on the staff of *Time* magazine are skillful and imaginative craftsmen is universally acknowledged, but we think they have to be commended for indomitability as well. In their unwavering defense of President Eisenhower and the Best of All Possible Administrations they have often found it necessary—and not impossible—to make journalistic silk purses out of the most arrant of sow's ears. Reporting on the aftermath of Russia's stunning scientific advances in the field of satellites and missiles, the *Time* men tried to invoke the old verbal magic, but the facts here were too much even for them.

Time's lead story on American reaction to *sputnik* begins by admitting that, although " 'peace, progress and prosperity' has been a continuing—and unassailable—accomplishment" of the Administration, the Russian satellite did cause dissatisfaction in the U.S., and the people "demanded action." They got it, says *Time* starkly. The President made a speech! And not only did the stock market rally, but "the missile program exploded with success." "Leadership had begun to reassert itself."

The story hurries on to the conference between the President and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, which produced, in *Time*-speak, a "surge of enthusiasm." And then the details of the President's idea to counteract national alarm at our failure to develop missiles of our own: the President would make more speeches!

Carping critics of "American missilery" are presented with a list, stretched over two pages, of recent U.S. weapons achievements. And the partisans who have suggested that not enough money has been spent by the Administration on missile development are given a chart, especially drawn up by a *Time* artist, of annual Defense Department expenditures for missiles. Back in pre-missile days, the *Time* chart reveals, the annual missile expenditure was *zero* dollars! And since then, the graph proves, our spending for this purpose has moved up by leaps and bounds!

There is a great deal more like this, in the same breathlessly happy tone. It is too bad, for the *Time* writers, that the facts were so insistently intractable, and that the U.S.S.R. was so unimpressed by their point of view as to launch its second satellite, heavier, higher, and carrying its dog-passenger, while this issue of the magazine was still on the newsstands. Say what you will about *Time* writers, but you have to admit they never say die.

THE PRESIDENT AND IMMIGRATION

A GOOD MANY people, we think, are likely to agree with the recent criticisms of United States policy on immigration and refugees issued by the Democratic Advisory Council. Not nearly so many, however, will buy the Council's thesis that President Eisenhower is personally responsible because he failed to display "real leadership" on the subject.

U.S. immigration policy badly needs revision, a fact the experts have been pointing out for years. Pledges of reform have appeared in the platforms of both parties, although the Democrats have laid most stress on it, and last January President Eisenhower recommended to Congress some sweeping liberalizations in existing legislation. These did not go as far as we would have liked, but if they had been enacted into law they would have represented very substantial gains. Nevertheless, although the Democrats had a majority in Congress, few of the

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President's reforms showed up in the bill that was finally passed. Perhaps, as the Democrats suggest, the President could have worked harder for what he wanted, but it is difficult to see how they can justly try to put all the blame on his shoulders.

The truth is, of course, that there is in Congress a bipartisan bloc opposed to any substantial amendment of current immigrant and refugee policy, regardless of party platforms, and that the Democrats have always contributed more than their fair share of the leadership of this group. These men are not represented on the liberal Democratic Advisory Board, but they are very much in the party. We don't see how the Democrats can reasonably pretend they do not exist.

"RETALIATION"

A DIE-HARD segregationist group in Georgia, calling itself the American Re-settlement Foundation, has recently announced a plan it may think of as shrewd but which is actually of the most wanton cruelty and folly. The group has declared its purpose to buy homes in "exclusive" white neighborhoods in the North and install Southern Negro families in them. Among other "target areas" is the section where Vice President Nixon lives, Mr. Nixon having earned segregationist enmity by his strong statements in support of Negro rights.

This plan has no purpose but to try to provoke racial troubles in the North. Even if it should succeed, not in placing Negroes in such communities but in exciting racial conflicts in them, it will nevertheless prove nothing of any pertinence in the struggle of the Southern Negro for equal educational opportunities and the right to exercise his franchise. Whatever happens, nothing of value can be accomplished. An enterprise like the American Re-settlement plan, conceived in spite, wholly negative in aim, utterly callous in the desire to use human beings as pawns in a vicious game, cannot help even the segregationist cause.

SCIENCE, SEDATIVES AND BABOONS

THE PATH of true science never did run smooth. But a group of scientists in Texas are having more than the scientist's normal share of trouble. These scientists, working at the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education, are conducting experiments with baboons. Problem: there is no safe, simple and effective way to administer a sedative to the animals, which are quite powerful and, on occasion, vicious.

As sometimes happens in the best-conducted experiments, however, accident may have come to the rescue. For the chairman of the Department of Physiology, absent when the first baboons arrived, had prescribed a high-grade diet. But in the technical slang of the area, he referred to it as an "ice cream and cake" diet. The obvious misunderstanding took place. By the time the chairman returned the animals had developed a strong liking for the ice cream.

Solution to the problem now seemed possible. The ice cream, it was thought, would conceal, as other foods could not, the taste of the sedatives which the animals so readily detected. But the animals took one taste of the treated ice cream and dismissed it. They readily returned to their favorite peppermint ice cream, however, when it was served without the sedative.

Now the scientists and the creamery's research laboratory are collaborating on a flavor that will completely conceal the sedative from the baboons. All who are pleased to see scientific experiments brought to a successful conclusion will wish them well.

But is there not some slight cause for misgiving? In that braver, newer world, brought nearer with each day's dawning, who knows what will appeal to the great persuaders? And, with proper mishandling and publicity, the treated ice cream could well become a drug on the market, a sweet competitor for tranquilizers, the kiddy's comforter. On second thought. . . .

AN APPEAL

Father A. M. Ravalico, S.D.B., writes that the rice crop in his mission area in North India has been destroyed by insects. To avert starvation he has been able to provide thirty bags of rice, which were distributed among twelve villages, but "that is only a drop" when the cases of distress are many. He can obtain rice and milk powder for his stricken people without charge, "but we have to pay for the transport from Calcutta through Pakistan, and that costs a lot of money." Readers who would like to act now to help Father Ravalico save the adults and children in his flock from the "black tiger" of famine may send their contributions to him c/o Salesian Missions, 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y., or directly to the Rev. A.M. Ravalico, Nirmalabas, Imphal (Manipur) India. (Airmail: 25c)

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Freedom and Education

Vigilance is not enough: it can serve tyrants as well as the defenders of freedom. In the service of freedom, it is imperative that we know what to be vigilant about.

by ALFRED WHITNEY GRISWOLD

WE ARE all familiar with the adage that tells us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. This is the minimum price. As the Hungarians can testify and the pages of history confirm, freedom has always been one of the most costly of man's wants. To him who is denied it, through involuntary servitude or any other device, it is a priceless objective. To him who enjoys it, it is a priceless possession, one whose original value does not depreciate with age or use. But between what we might call kinetic freedom and potential freedom, there is this difference: kinetic freedom, however valuable, is not an end in itself. Once we have won it, it is no longer the mere fact or condition of freedom, but the use to which we put it, that counts.

We may expand the four freedoms many times but we can find no room for such as freedom of idleness or freedom of ignorance. In this direction freedom soon loses itself in license. Or it destroys itself in subjective interpretations that violate the basic rule against restraint and turn one man's meat into another man's poison. It is within these outer limits that freedom offers its great benefits to man, provided he has the wit to perceive the limits; and provided, further, he has the enterprise to cultivate and improve such freedom as is vouchsafed to him by the society and circumstances in which he lives.

This choice and realization of uses imposes upon us a subtle economy of freedom, in which, as in all economies, we exchange goods and services for goods and services, toil and effort for value received. Just as the initial cost of freedom may range all the way from the mere attainment of citizenship to the supreme sacrifice of life itself, so the cost of maintaining it may vary; but it is never cheap.

Mr. Griswold is president of Yale University. This is a selection from his forthcoming *In The University Tradition* (Yale).

Vigilance is not enough: it can serve tyrants as well as the defenders of freedom. In the service of freedom, it is imperative that we know what to be vigilant about. The times read us a stern object lesson in this regard. During the past decade we in the United States have experienced our share of a world-wide conspiracy to destroy freedom, as a matter of principle. This conspiracy has been thwarted, and in the thwarting, vigilance has played an important part. Yet when the historical judgment of this experience is rendered, I fear it will be as a net loss to freedom rather than as a net gain. The effort to destroy freedom was countered by an effort to save it by reducing its scope.

THE REASON why vigilance thus miscarried is plain. Much of it was uninformed vigilance: the watchful eye in the empty head. It saw, or thought it saw, one enemy, shouted the alarm, and rushed all its forces into the fray, heedless of its tactics and neglectful of its defenses on other fronts.

Its identification of the original enemy was correct. But through the uncritical use of tactics it sometimes honored that enemy by imitation and gave credence to the most abhorrent of enemy doctrines, namely, that the end justifies the means. For example, while it decried the hue-and-cry as employed by the enemies of freedom, it justified its use on the part of its defenders; it identified committee investigations with jury trials; it confused due process of law with legalistic pantomime. All of these practices were justified by the doctrine of present danger, with its overtone of *silent leges inter arma;* yet all left freedom apologizing for its reversion to primitive and incompatible ways, accusing itself by excusing itself, and morally weaker in the bargain.

Meanwhile, by allowing itself to become committed to one enemy to the point of obsession, freedom

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allowed other enemies to gain ground, enemies such as ignorance, and the pervasive spirit of monopoly that curtails and restricts freedom in so many phases of our social and economic life. Ignorance is the arch enemy of freedom; by neglecting our schools we have given it a new lease on life. Beginning with business in the last century, the tendency toward bigness, centralization and regimentation has spread to government, labor, and agriculture. The mass media of radio and television impart a dreary sameness and a potentially dangerous uniformity to our cultural life. Organization, with its plethora of conferences and committees, its habitual delegation—therefore evasion—of responsibility and initiative, has become the order of the day. Though empirical in nature and avowedly innocent of the design, these trends, if allowed to proceed without reference to our basic principles of freedom, could result in a *de facto* totalitarianism hardly preferable to the one we oppose *de jure*. My point is that none of this was necessary, none of it need have happened, if vigilance had been properly informed.

THIS IS particularly true of academic freedom. Of all types of freedom this is the least well understood. In the eyes of my profession it is nothing more than the application to academic circumstances of the civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. In the eyes of much of the public it is a special privilege of esoteric purpose and dubious validity presumably granted to teachers in partial substitution for more adequate compensation.

When academic freedom came under attack, as it did, its defenders had to work under a severe handicap of obscurity. For this they had themselves very largely to blame. The plain fact was that for the most part their institutions had failed to instruct their own graduates in the elementary meaning and purposes of academic freedom, and lacking this instruction these graduates not only failed to understand it themselves but were unable to interpret it to the public.

Nor was this accomplished by litigation: the law proved itself a better debater than it was a teacher. It, too, suffered from the general failure, especially regrettable in its own schools and the universities in which they were situated, to instruct the lay public in its own basic principles and purposes. A great unfinished task of education has yet to be completed before academic freedom will be secure. Vigilance is on guard, but vigilance needs the help of the teacher more than the lawyer.

The information of vigilance is the prime responsibility of education. So it was designated by the founders of the republic and so it remains today. Part of the true cost of freedom, in many respects superior in importance to national defense, is the maintenance of an educational system equal to this responsibility. If freedom has suffered from uninformed vigilance it is because we have not been willing to pay that price. We must pay it or risk the loss of our freedom.

AT THE MENTION of educational costs a gloomy landscape of deficits, shortages, and depressed salaries swims before our eyes. We have looked out upon this landscape now for the better part of a decade, shuddering at it, but doing little to improve it. Our excuse is that we cannot afford to do better. This is only an excuse, and a poor one.

According to estimates supplied by the United States Office of Education, our total current plus capital expenditures on education for the year 1955-56 amounted to 15.5 billion dollars or four per cent of our gross national product for 1955, which was 390.9 billion dollars. Another computation shows current outlays on education not including capital expenditures to have comprised 4.7 per cent of our personal consumption expenditures, in which category it compares with certain other selected items as follows:

Item		*Billions*
Education		12.0
Elementary and secondary education	9.4	
Higher education	2.6	
Tobacco products and alcoholic beverages		14.5
New and used cars		14.4
Recreation		13.0

In the cold light of these figures, which could be amplified by our expenditures on such items as radio and television sets, cosmetics, toys, and sporting goods, what becomes of the argument that we cannot afford to do better by our educational system? There is nothing left of it. The figures show that we could allocate to education a substantially larger proportion of our wealth without depriving ourselves of necessities, without greatly denying ourselves pleasures—even luxuries, and without touching such crucial items in the national budget as health, social security, or defense. Our only valid reason for not doing so is that we do not wish to, not that the resources are lacking; and the most generous explanation of this lack of motive is lack of understanding.

We have no trouble recognizing the cost of national security as part of the cost of our freedom and, on the strength of that recognition, in allocating to it a much larger share (10.5 per cent) of our gross national product. Once we saw them in the same light the needs of education would be met as promptly and as adequately as those of national security. Nor would such educational allocations be pure out-of-pocket expenses. Since they would be invested in the conservation and development of the country's most valuable natural resources, its human resources, they

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would constitute capital formation of the most fundamental kind.

But the country as a whole does not see the case as I have presented it. The statistics have received nationwide publicity and attention. Yet they have not produced the necessary educational funds. They have been shouted from the housetops, but they have not generated the will to supply those funds. Could it be that there is something within our educational system, some inherent weakness, that makes it a faltering advocate in its own cause?

I SUGGEST that there is. I suggest that by neglecting the liberal arts it has allowed its identity with freedom to become blurred and made it difficult for itself to represent this to the public.

The widespread prevalence of vocational studies throughout our educational system is a not unnatural outgrowth of American history. It is rooted in our philosophy of education which, from the outset, prescribed such training for all citizens who desired it. But neither the facts of our history nor the philosophy that gives them life support such training as a substitute for the liberal arts. On the contrary, as every student of the lives and writings of the founders of our country knows, the liberal arts were considered to be the driving, motivating force of the whole educational system, through which each citizen was encouraged to progress as far and as fast as his native abilities permitted. In truth, those lives and writings proclaim the liberal arts as the educational source of the concepts of freedom embodied in the Constitution and the whole political philosophy of which it is the center.

The inhibiting weakness of our educational system today is that it has not faithfully adhered to that philosophy. It has produced virtually unlimited opportunities for training in the vocational skills required by our complex society but inadequate opportunities for contemplation of the meaning and purpose of those skills. It has at times lost sight of *bona fide* vocational training in the welter of hobbies, pastimes, and other activities that have managed to find a place in its curriculum. It has allowed those studies which for centuries have been esteemed and sought after as the intellectual and spiritual sustenance of free men and as the inspiration of a free society to become confused with other studies which, though useful in themselves, serve no such exalted—and essential—purpose, and to decline to a point well below their proper position in its curriculum.

A recent study shows that the proportion of college and university students majoring in the liberal arts and sciences dropped from forty-three per cent of the graduating class in 1940 to 35.7 per cent in 1952. Among male students graduating in 1955 the proportion was twenty-six per cent, and even this was heavily weighted with preprofessional studies having vocational purpose if not specific content. This is not to imply that the young men and women engaged in vocational studies care any less for freedom than the minority of their classmates enrolled in the liberal arts. It is to say that, at their best, vocational studies offer no such instruction in the meaning of freedom, such systematic testing and proving of freedom's basic principles, as the liberal arts do; while at their worst, vocational studies induce a kind of neutralism, a passive tendency to accept things as they are and conform to them, that is dangerous to freedom.

With our schools and colleges thus turning away from the classic image and inspiration of freedom, it is no wonder they have had trouble explaining freedom to the public or commending their interests in the name of freedom to the public's support. If they wish these things they must reverse this trend. They must restore the liberal arts to their righful proportions in our educational system. This is the final and decisive item in this estimate of freedom's costs. It is the touchstone. We will spend enough on freedom to protect ourselves from enemy attack. We will spend enough on education to keep our children off the streets. But we shall not purchase true freedom at this price. For that we must pay extra, and for the will to do so that will supply the wealth, we must restore to good health and good repute the arts becoming free men.

THE WATCH

You wait? So I. We wait the capering clown.
He'll come. That's sure. You'll see. Our somber town

Will boom if he perchance will only be
An echo of his notoriety.

I've heard he tricks all shadows out of shade.
And when he juggles. . . Well, the last town made

Their night look like a firework affair
By flooding lights on what he twirled in air.

Some thought new constellations had been born;
Their children hunted fallen stars. He's sworn

To be as real. . . He'll walk a wire, too,
So high, that just to watch him, all must view

Heaven to see his balancing the night
To circus music. Oh, he'll come, all right.

The waiting wearies, though. I know. But by
and by, we'll bless that waiting; you, so I.

JOHN FANDEL.

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The United States has always lived off the scientific research of others

Moon We Never Made

by JAMES B. KELLEY

THE MAN WHO made the greatest contribution to the American development of the atom bomb was Adolf Hitler. For it was his racial theories which drove such men and women as Einstein, Meitner, Bohr, Fermi and countless others from Germany and its allies, or conquered countries. The theoretical physicists, chemists and mathematicians who were exiled or who left Europe voluntarily before the onslaughts of Nazism provided the nucleus around which the American and British teams rallied to produce the atom bomb. As anyone who has even skimmed through the name index of the Smyth Report must know, the Manhattan Project was truly an international accomplishment.

The Campini monoplane was the first jet-propelled aircraft to be flown successfully—in December, 1940 in Italy. United States patents taken out by Campini date back to 1935. The British designer Whittle filed plans as early as 1930 and the Frenchman Lorin is credited with developing the ramjet in 1913. In fact the V-2 "Buzz Bomb" of World War II fame is an adaptation of a French design which the Germans came upon after the fall of France in 1940. The first jet engines flown in the United States were Whittle designs built by American manufacturers. It was not until several years after the end of World War II that American military aircraft were being propelled by engines built *and* designed in the United States.

The first supersonic wind tunnel actually employed in research was that at Guidonia in Italy. Some of the earlier supersonic airfoil designs were known as Guidonia airfoils. In the field of rocketry the pioneers would include Goddard of the United States; Ziolkovsky and Rynin of Russia (this predated the U.S.S.R. but showed the interest and preparation available); Pelterie of France; von Opel, Saenger, Valier, Oberth and others of Germany. Today in the United States the leading rocket experts are all Germans trained in Germany and formerly connected with the V-1 and V-2 rocket and jet programs of World War II.

The simple truth of the matter is that, although the United States mechanized the world or certainly led the way, the United States has been notoriously weak in doing the ground work. We have lived off the research of others. I am not necessarily criticizing this; I am merely stating it as a demonstrable fact. The air was conquered, despite the "first" of the Wright Brothers, by European scientists and engineers; the air was filled by American airplanes. While we may be justifiably proud of our great production, we must be realistic enough to know what our own contributions have been.

My own intimate concern with military type aircraft during World War II convinced me that both the British and the Germans could make better airplanes but that we could make more *good* airplanes than both of them put together. Under certain conditions this is a tremendous advantage. The conditions under which World War II were fought were the right ones for this approach. American factories were out of reach of German bombers, and German troops were so thoroughly occupied with their enemies in Europe that America had the time it needed to make the tools to make the airplanes.

Apparently this is the great American genius; we can make more of a good—not necessarily the best—product than anyone else in the world, or possibly than any other combination of nations in the world. How long this genius will remain peculiarly American, no one can say. But it must be remembered that whereas Germany was and still is essentially a technical nation, the United States is essentially an industrial nation. There is a difference. The British fit in some place between the two. Obviously a combination of the three could be extremely potent in a world where the struggle would take place in the technological industrial field.

THE SOVIET UNION has in the past twelve years made strides in technical fields that no one would previously have imagined possible. While we might have known that in a number of scientific areas, particularly applied science, that Russians had in the past made significant contributions, most people found it easy to believe that the veil of secrecy surrounding present activities might well be cloaking failure rather

Mr. Kelley has been active in the field he discusses for many years, both as researcher and writer.

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than success. The affair of Lysenko and his environmental effects on the production of new plant strains left many Americans feeling that Soviet political beliefs had so imposed themselves on Soviet science that no worthwhile progress could be made under such a system of government. In this we should have been more wary because technology, and even science itself, can flourish under strange sponsorship. We can look back to the engineering accomplishments of Imperial Rome or we can merely refer to the engineering accomplishments of Nazi Germany. Ideally, the scientist would like to work with complete freedom, but even in the political democracy of the United States, restrictions have been piled on restrictions.

In addition to drawing wrong inferences about the quality of Soviet science, we also believed too thoroughly in the absolute necessity of "stealing secrets" as the only means of Soviet success in the atomic field. There can be no doubt that Klaus Fuchs proved most helpful—the extent of the help of other spies is hard to assess, unless these spies were all of Fuchs' intellectual caliber and experience—but whether what he gave was absolutely necessary for Soviet success is highly doubtful.

The international conference held at Geneva in August, 1955 on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy surprised most outsiders with the progress the Soviet Union had made. Perhaps typical of American inability to take a moderate view of anything, there were even those who felt that the Soviet Union was ahead of us in certain areas. A balanced view suggested that Soviet physicists and engineers were quite competent, and that which country took the lead depended upon how fast the United States moved.

Just a month before, at Harwell in England, Academician I. V. Kurchatov told a conference of engineers and physicists that the Soviet Union was committed to a strong program of nuclear reactor development aimed at producing by 1960 two million kilowatts of electrical power. In this program he spoke of several reactors whose power would exceed two hundred thousand kilowatts, with at least one of these reactors having a power of four hundred thousand kilowatts. Whether or not the Soviet Union will achieve this goal by the date set, only time will tell. But one thing is certain, the United States will not be able to equal it because no such program is under way.

Kurchatov was at some pains to point out that the Soviet Union was looking to the international market for its reactor program. It would be ready to compete with American companies in seeking outlets for its reactors. To date American companies have been almost literally flooding the European, and some parts of the Asian market with small research type reactors. But although the British have had a power reactor in operation for over a year, the United States is still some months away from its first full-scale power reactor for the generation of electricity.

WE HAVE shown outstanding leadership in developing a mobile type of reactor—the submarine reactors—but stories have been consistently filtering out of the U.S.S.R. to the effect that the first nuclear-powered airplane will be Russian. If this is so, and if the Kurchatov promises are kept, there can be no question that the Soviet Union will take over undisputed leadership in the eyes of the world in peacetime atomic energy. Like it or not the Soviet propaganda will be able to exploit its accomplishments in a manner we could not possibly counteract effectively. Does it take an especially acute mind to envisage the Soviet line if its power reactor program and its nuclear-powered aircraft reach the operational stage before the American counterparts? One can readily imagine the propagandistic effects as the U.S.S.R. points out that whereas the United States gave the world the atom and hydrogen bombs, it was Soviet technology which brought into being a large scale nuclear power program and the first nuclear-powered airplane. While we can counter that the airplane is surely equally a military or a civilian device, we are once more in the position of countering—a position which Russia seems readily to assign to America.

The Soviet line will continue to be that the United States works for war while the U.S.S.R. works for peace. Unfortunately, they will have enough technical accomplishments on their side to make this look good. It seems odd that a nation so public relations conscious, so sensitive to every conceivable technique of extracting money from people through advertising, would be so consistently immune to promoting its own way of life, and of making a few sacrifices to see that the freedom we profess to love reaches out to others.

Sputnik is a symbol of the rise of Soviet technology during the past twelve years. It does not mean that every Soviet schoolboy is a mathematical or engineering genius. It means that in a nation where a handful of men wield absolute power, crash programs are ordinary rather than extraordinary. We put such a program into operation when we made the atom bomb, but we are not accustomed to such methods as a general rule. The various leaders of the Soviet Union have apparently decided on a course of action which will prove to the world that the U.S.S.R. is ready to assume not only military leadership but also technical leadership. They have chosen two areas: atomic energy and missiles. The two can be made to fit together neatly, but can still be developed independently. To date, the Soviet progress has been significant, and no amount of official reassurance or "between-halves pep talk" will change this. What must be changed is our own attitude toward technology and defense.

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In spite of persecution and propaganda, religion survives in the Communist countries

Report from Russia

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

STRANGE THINGS are happening on the religious front in Russia. Here and there, way out in the countryside or in the center of the towns, ruined churches can be seen in the process of being repaired, repainted and re-gilded until they look like fantastic visions of dazzling white, dark blue and gold, with innumerable irradiating stars and flaming Greek crosses. They are so new and bright, these churches and sanctuaries, that they somehow appear like fabulous sacred legends in the middle of the gray and prosaic Communist atmosphere.

A new Russian translation of the Bible has been made and there are more buyers than there are copies printed. Small and cheap medallions with the Holy Virgin, Christ and Nicholas, the Russian national saint, are sold by the pound in the churches, where again as in the old days choirs can be heard and raptured faces can be seen in the warm light of the candles.

Naturally, all this activity is privately supported, for Church and State are severely separated, and the truly enormous sums which are privately contributed to the Church, in an ever-increasing stream, give better than anything else an idea of what is happening here.

To give generously, continuously, to the Church is a way to express one's opinion. This giving is of such proportions that there are foreign observers in the U.S.S.R. who can't believe that all that money could come out of the pockets of the poor Russian masses. They suspect that it comes from the Communist Party itself, is given in order to capture the reborn Russian Church in the nets of Mammon.

The fact is that the resources of the Russian Church have become so great that it is assisting economically poor Orthodox churches in other countries, even in the West. In Jerusalem, for example, the "Russian Orthodox Mission of the Moscow Patriarchate"—as its official name reads—helps the Orthodox Arabs inside and outside Israel and assists many of the small, mostly very old and frequently backward Christian denominations of the Middle East, with no visible strings attached, at least so far.

Mr. Kumlien, The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Rome, recently completed a tour of the U.S.S.R.

The resurrection of the Russian Church itself, however, is a difficult process, from something which was near complete annihilation. Its original weakness consisted in the fact that it was a national church so closely entwined with the Czarist regime that it fell with it. There is an enormous difference in that respect between the U.S.S.R. and its Slavic neighbor Poland. In Poland the Church has won its battle against Communism, first because the Catholic Church was so much more vital, and secondly because it met a Communism which already was showing the first signs of decay. In the Soviet Union the Orthodox Church must now, after forty years of Communism, reestablish itself, and even if its new start is most promising, it is rather modest compared not only to Poland but to other Communist countries as well.

On the way to Jaroslav, about fifty miles from Moscow, is the famous sanctuary, religious academy and monastery of Zagorsk. It has traditions from the time of the great Russian mystics, and foreign visitors with religious interests are often brought here to be received by the monks, the professors and the students. It is a more and more active religious center, although it is officially referred to by the Soviet tourist propaganda only as "a museum." During the Moscow Youth Festival, I visited the place with a large group of Catholics, Protestants and Orthodox from the West as well as from the East. Some of them were undoubtedly fellow travelers, but the rest were of all shades of political coloration, even to the most decided and outspoken anti-Communism.

THE CONVERSATIONS which took place in all languages under the trees of the monastery were noteworthy indeed. The Russian clerics usually avoided talk about religious persecution, but they readily furnished the very revealing statistics. One of them gave this eloquent fact: before the revolution there were fifty-six seminaries for priests in Russia, and now there are only eight. This was considered as giving the measure of the reduction the Russian Church has suffered: to one-seventh of what it was.

Under one of the old trees of the monastery a Pole was sitting, a good Polish Catholic layman, who had

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been in opposition to the fellow-traveling Pax movement in Poland long before Gomulka came into power. He was surrounded by the Russian theological students who bombarded him with questions about the situation of the Church in Poland. They had obviously heard quite a lot about the situation in Poland, but they still seemed to be amazed by the matter-of-fact answers given by the Pole. For them Poland seemed to provide this important precedent: that much can be obtained from a Communist government.

The Russians flocked around a French Catholic pacifist who distributed leaflets in Russian printed in London. The contention of the leaflets was that all Christians who think the carrying of weapons is against their conscience ought to be exempted from military service. Religious pacifism has deep roots in Russia and the interest in the leaflets was enormous, not only among the Russian clerics, but even more among the laymen. We were told that there is room for conscientious objectors in the Soviet Union—at least theoretically—on condition that the reason is a religious one. A "world citizen" inquired about the possibilities for a Soviet citizen to be exempted from military service if he is a pacifist without any religious background and received the reply that just plain pacifism is not recognized. (He concluded that this was an undemocratic favoring of religious pacifists.)

The Russian clerics emphasized how friendly many Soviet military representatives had shown themselves toward the bishops and the patriarchs, particularly Marshal Zhukov himself. They told tales of many late vocations for the priesthood among intellectuals, of the increasing number of monastic vocations and of the hermits who again are to be found in the deep Russian forests, as in the first Christian centuries.

As an old Russian priest said: the pendulum has during the past years swung very far in the direction of rationalism. The official stand has been that nothing exists outside the realm of reason and of what we can perceive with our senses. Now, he thought, the pendulum is about to swing back again, and who knows how far it will go?

The Russian Church is above all conscious of itself,

and the old suspicion towards both Protestants and Catholics seems to persist. Learned treatises have been published since the end of the war by the Moscow Patriarchate about "the Protestant danger" embodied in the World Council of Churches and about "the Roman menace." Indeed the authors of these papers seem to be hypnotized by "the Roman menace," with hundreds of pages devoted to it and the Vatican represented as a diabolically well-organized center trying to absorb the Orthodox Churches through the different Uniate groups.

BUT the Russian Communists—have they changed and are they really friendly to religion? Certainly not. The Communists in our group kept a watchful eye on everything, and if one asked them about the Russian church, they were ironic, anxious to show that they did not know very much about curious "survivals from a dead past" like religion. Their official stand was that religion is uninteresting, a dying phenomenon. Only old people go to church, they said, in spite of the fact that there are young people, too, in the churches of the U.S.S.R.

If one cited examples of extraordinary religious vitality in countries like Poland, it happened again and again that they countered with examples from the Scandinavian countries, with surprisingly detailed figures about the all-time low of religious interest shown by their inhabitants. Their conclusion could be summed up thus: in highly developed capitalist pioneer areas like Scandinavia, religion is dying its natural death, exactly as it is dying its natural death in a socialist pioneer country like the U.S.S.R. Sometimes it seemed as if the statistics from Scandinavia had comforted them, in the face of the revival of the Russian Church, which they don't want to recognize.

Communism has certainly not changed its attitude in principle to religion. Lenin's words that "religion is the opium of the people" are still invoked. But this is theory. Practice is another matter. Religion has survived in the Communist countries in spite of persecutors and atheistic propaganda. Believers have everywhere shown with what tenacity they cling to their religion. Communism has therefore been compelled to a sort of compromise.

What an old believing Russian Jew said about it seems cynical, but there is undoubtedly something in it. He said: the Communists persist in considering religion as detrimental. They do think it is "the opium of the people." But as there are so many who adhere to their religion in spite of all, and so many who return to it, the attitude in practice of the authorities in the Communist countries becomes that of the authorities in some capitalist countries of the West to —tobacco! It is detrimental, but as there are so many smokers, they try to make money out of it.

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TRAITOROUS TRUENESS

I'LL TELL you what is bothering me. How does a writer keep himself from getting such a vested interest in certain ideas that he feels called upon to come to their rescue when they are attacked, mainly because he feels that an attack on them is an attack on him?

In the beginning a writer is like a blank piece of paper. But if you want to be a writer you have to write about something, and you begin to take positions on questions of the day. You study a situation and try to see it whole; you think about the issues involved and weigh them; finally you reach a conclusion. You set down your conclusions on paper. One conclusion leads to another. Once you are known for the kind of conclusions you habitually reach, you are assigned to what is called a school of thought.

No one registers for a school of thought; the matriculation is gradual. But even the most independent minds discover one day that, lo, they are wearing an old school tie. Maybe the tie is called liberal, maybe conservative, maybe middle-of-the-road; it does not matter much. The important thing is that one's thinking is now regarded as part of a group effort. The writer begins to think of Us one way and of Them another way. He begins to feel a tug of loyalty every time he sits down to a typewriter. It is not necessarily loyalty to the truth but to a partisan interest, for the writer, who never intended to, has become a partisan and can very easily find himself affected with a partisan's myopic view of things.

The writer does not necessarily become a liar, though some do. But if he finds himself paring and shaping the truth he deals with, for the good of the "cause"—however nebulous the cause might be—he is the next thing to a liar. Worst of all, of course, he can deceive himself. He can tell himself that he is justified in withholding this truth and playing up that—for after all should he give aid to the enemy or scandal to the little ones? Or he may deceive himself that he is preserving a respectful silence out of consideration for the transcendent claim of a higher truth. The Truth which is the Party, the Movement or the Cause makes its claim, and the separate truths which are the description of immediate realities are slightly distorted and even flatly denied. How many liars have lied for Truth! Only the totalitarians endow deception of this kind with the dignity of doctrine; but even honest men are bedeviled by the temptation.

This is not the kind of column in which one should mention names. I will not cite examples. But study the work of journalists, especially those who deal in ideas. How many are like campaign orators? All wisdom is found in their camp. The opposition never has a case; its position is not the product of earnest study or careful attention to the facts—it is the fruit of blind prejudice at best and callous iniquity at worst. The truth, they lead you to believe, finds its only servants in their camp—and, *mirabile dictu,* it just happens that the truth in any given instance serves their partisan interests.

I do not hold with the conspiracy thesis. I do not believe that writers are bought out by powerful interests. Very few can be bought if only because, for the kind of people who become writers, pride is a much greater temptation than greed. But buying them would not be necessary in any case.

The *National Review* speaks of the Liberal Establishment, which I take it is not supposed to be a conspiracy but a product of mindless conformity. The so-called Right Wing is often described as an Establishment along the same lines. There is a grain of fact in the charge that such establishments exist. Each establishment of course tries to give the impression that its existence is explained by the hold the truth has on good men who can think, while the other evolved from witless men plunging beyond their depth. But suppose we dismiss such *partis pris* absurdities for the moment and ask why such establishments do exist.

I think they exist, among other reasons, because writers tend to get this vested interest in certain ideas, as do magazine and newspaper editors, and come to feel as protective about them as a doting parent.

Unless ideas, even well thought-out ideas, are the product of infallibility, there is usually some truth to be found in the attacks made on them. Nor are factual truths always of immediate service to even the best ideas. So a truly honest writer must root for the opposing team now and then; he may even find that a sincere devotion to the truth will turn him temporarily into a traitor to the partisan cause. He may find from time to time that he has to cross the lines on a specific issue, to the dismay and disapproval of those who had thought of him as one of "ours." But if the writer wants to stay honest he has no other choice. Reality simply does not shape itself, nor should it be shaped, to conform to even the most noble cause.

In the long run the writer's real obligation is to the reality of things; only secondarily can he be a partisan. The honest writer, I am afraid, will always be an untrustworthy partisan. But such are the appeals and the claims of partisanship that only few writers realize when they have ceased to be honest.

That is what is bothering me.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

MR. USTINOV, LTD.

MR. PETER USTINOV takes his pleasure in dotty assaults, often lapidary and insouciant, sometimes scrappy or common, on a doctrinaire reality. He has written perhaps half a dozen plays, yet "The Love of Four Colonels," which Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Lilli Palmer brought to elegant life some years ago, marks still the fullest iridescent bloom of his talent: that fantasy bore its allegorical weight with an exemplary grace, and offered, in its literary parodies of national manners, a wit mocking and lustrous, devoid of malice. If the charm of "Romanoff and Juliet" seems often laborious and brash beside that tender conceit, it is not wholly the fault of an abrasive production. Mr. Ustinov has simply not invested the figures which people his ideological cartoon with a perception remotely original: shrilly, they solicit the attention with the rubbishy tags and banalities of any unmodulated satire. And the poise of humanism, to which the dramatist is committed and which gives his work its slight moral zest, seems indulgent and gratuitous when the insistent ideological alternatives are imagined with such flabby energy.

For his own role, Mr. Ustinov has slyly designed a capacious caricature, into which he pours all his paunchy exuberance, mad elegance and sublimely irrelevant sense of the miniature. The lovely explosions of "Romanoff and Juliet" are divinely useless and without didactic intent: the hoary, sibilant, wheezing old Archbishop who dodders, all mitre and cloth of gold, into the last scene, and the gothic effigy of Death, wrenching out the time (inaccurately) from its medieval clock tower. Yet elsewhere Mr. Ustinov's lapses are relentlessly illumined by a production of scandalous insensibility.

As a matter of course, one would take the function of a director to involve some concealment of a play's limitations, in the same sense that we divert public attention from the fact that a friend, for whom we care, is momentarily making a fool of himself. Mr. George Kaufman, however, does not seem to believe in this kind of charity, and to animate his chalky surfaces he has assembled a group of performers from whose work all illusions of acting tend to vanish. Mr. Ustinov never permits the obvious to triumph wholly —himself, he restores to us always a stylish and proper madness—but there is no disputing that he is, in the present circumstance, a good man fallen among thieves. (*At the Plymouth.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

AGE OF INNOCENTS

ACCEPTING the theory that Americans are a nation of irrepressible salesmen whose naive good will, desire to be liked and bubbling enthusiasm always win out, Hollywood is releasing several films that try hard to prove the point. In what may well turn out to be the funniest comedy of the year, "Operation Mad Ball" shows a group of G.I.'s, in Normandy in 1945, who are determined to throw a ball in spite of opposition from uncooperative officers, the penurious French and the tricks of fate. Fairly exploding with energy, wild ideas and a capacity for getting into trouble, Jack Lemmon plays a private who can handle any situation and think up new ones faster than his superiors can put obstacles in his way. Leading the opposition against Lemmon and his pals, who are played by an excellent supporting cast, is Ernie Kovacs who comes through expertly, in his first movie, as a stuffy captain who hopes to run for Congress when he gets back to the States and is not averse to starting his apple-polishing and campaigning far in advance.

Part of the antagonism between the captain and the private in this hospital camp is due to the interest both men have in Kathryn Grant (Bing's bride) who plays a charming dietician, a lieutenant who's not supposed to date a private—a fact which does not deter Lemmon, for whom regulations exist only to be broken. It isn't so much the script of "Operation Mad Ball" that is so funny—although the dialogue is very amusing—as it is the visualization of what happens. You'd hardly think jokes about a corpse or about ulcers could be laugh provoking, but they are, and Director Richard Quine keeps everything moving at such a fast pace that even the mildest wisecracks seem hilarious. Jed Harris has given his picture a good production, and whenever things appear to slow up for a breathing spell, he introduces a new comedy gimmick; typically, he saves Mickey Rooney, as the zaniest master sergeant the army ever saw, for near the end of the film. Not all the officers are as mean as the Kovacs portrait; Arthur O'Connell plays a very likable, though somewhat daffy colonel. It should come as a surprise to no one that youthful American enthusiasm and good will are victorious in the end, and the ball, when the G.I.'s finally get to stage it, turns out to be a perfect wing-ding.

IN "THE TIN STAR," a western in the "High Noon" tradition, Anthony Perkins plays a dewy-eyed young man who wants to prove himself as sheriff

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in a town where no one else is willing to take responsibility. Tony also wants to prove to Henry Fonda, an ex-sheriff turned bounty-hunter, that the badge is more than a tin star worn by fools. In spite of his cynicism, Fonda has a soft spot for young people. He becomes friendly with the little half-Indian son (Michael Ray) of the widow (Betsy Palmer) with whom he boards; and he teaches the obviously inexperienced Perkins how to shoot and which fights to stay out of.

Since "The Tin Star" is a well-made western under the production of William Perlberg and George Seaton, it has plenty of action, as well as lectures on civic responsibility, in the screenplay by Dudley Nichols. A couple of villainous brothers get out of hand and kill a gentle doctor (John McIntire), and of course the reluctant Fonda comes to the aid of the apprehensive Perkins in pursuing the criminals. No doubt Fonda is moved into action by the reward offered for the vicious brothers—dead or alive. But when the big showdown comes and the town bully (Neville Brand) leads a mob on the jail to lynch a killer, it is a grim and wiser Perkins who takes over and proves his star is more than tin. Director Anthony Mann gets good performances out of his cast right down the line; and while the film's plot has a certain ring of familiarity, it is well done and holds its audience right to the finale, when youthful idealism wins out over bad will and the tired criticism of the oldsters.

ALTHOUGH the young girl in "Short Cut to Hell" is dragged all over Los Angeles by a vicious young killer who is intent on getting even with the man who did him dirt, she is determined to prove that there is more to this gunman than hate. Actually, "Short Cut to Hell" is a chase film which starts when the killer ruthlessly shoots down a city engineer and his secretary, only to be paid with marked and supposedly stolen bills by his employer (Jacques Aubuchon). If all this sounds like something you've seen before, you may be right. "Short Cut to Hell" is a remake of "This Gun for Hire," which was based on the Graham Greene novel and brought Alan Ladd to stardom with Veronica Lake fifteen years ago. If this version seems more tense and plausible, it may be due to the good direction of James Cagney and the interesting performances of Robert Ivers, as the calm gunman who hates people and shoots his victims without giving the deed another thought—if his employers pay him well, and of Georgann Johnson, another newcomer, as a nightclub singer who insists on treating even a killer as a person. Because Ivers is less handsome than Alan Ladd was and has a convincing touch of hunger in his face, he is more believable as Kyle, but neither of the movie versions dared give Kyle either harelip or the meanness that Greene described so vividly. Needless to say, the pretty girl in this version lives to tell about her adventure and continues to believe that there's a little bit of good to be found in every bad little boy.

THE APPARENTLY TIRELESS ingenuity of American youth abroad is illustrated in "Stopover Tokyo," which was made from the John P. Marquand thriller. As members of American counter-intelligence, Robert Wagner and Kent Scott are certainly young and handsome and Roverboyish. In fact, it's only because their enemies in Tokyo (represented mainly by Edmond O'Brien), described vaguely as belonging to the vodka-and-caviar set, are less young and handsome and Roverboyish that the Americans are able to thwart them in their fiendish plot to assassinate the American High Commissioner of Japan (Larry Keating). "Stopover Tokyo" is not exactly dull, but the motivation is often vague, and the plot is somewhat wandering. Director Richard L. Breen could have made things at least seem more exciting by making events more faster, but instead he allows us to see quite a bit of Japan, and although what we see in Walter Reisch's beautiful production in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color is well worth looking at, it hardly adds to the suspense. Joan Collins gives the picture a touch of romance, and little Reiko Oyama, as the daughter of Wagner's murdered Japanese accomplice, adds a touch of genuine charm. However, it is hard to believe that youthful enthusiasm and a desire to be liked are really enough to outsmart what this film calls the vodka-and-caviar set.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: Your trilogy on religious journalism in America [Oct. 18] was an excellent idea, even though the estimates of the contributors were hardly encouraging. I would share Donald McDonald's view that the effect of the Catholic Press is not what it should be—hardly a new opinion, and a matter of constant concern in the Catholic Press Association. That the C.P.A. and its members have made rather laborious progress should not be too surprising. Twenty years ago, even though the Catholic Press enjoyed the services of many highly talented men, it was simply not extensive enough to be effective.

Today the picture is quite different. Most Catholic newspapers and magazines are enjoying far wider circulation. They continue to be blessed with the services

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of a number of highly talented journalists—although this may be disputed in many quarters. If the Catholic Press fails to impress the general public, I think the failure lies in defective public relations rather than in a hinted total failure of the Catholic Press to present the Church as "a great organic constructive force in the history of man."

I, for one, would have been more pleased if Mr. McDonald had presented a few fruitful suggestions in this direction. Instead, it seems to me, he used a completely negative critical approach—the while alleging and deploring the negativity of Catholic publications.

He cites as examples of negativity the editor who helped prevent Sunday sales, the editor who helped prevent the showing of indecent films, the editor who helped prevent a private school tax exemption from being defeated, the editor who helped prevent Communists from deceiving the American people. These achievements were mentioned in a Catholic Hour broadcast series. (I confess, by the way, that I regard all four matters as of considerable importance.)

I do not know whether the broadcasts were actually negative in their presentation or whether Mr. McDonald as a listener was looking for negativity. A positive campaign can be described in negative terms. For example, preventing the commercialization of Sunday can be more accurately and attractively described as keeping the Lord's Day holy. Positive and negative, this is a matter important enough to be considered by God in the Decalogue and by the Church in her six precepts. In a large urban area, Sunday sales can and do constitute a grave moral and social problem.

The prevention of indecent films seems to be quite negative; yet so is the wording of the Sixth and Ninth Commandments. The positive approach is found in the Beatitudes—"Blessed are the clean of heart. . ." Generally opposed to this Divine, if unpopular, sentiment are all pornographers, smut-dealers, and *double-entendre* motion picture and T.V. producers.

Preventing tax-exemption from being defeated is a triple negative—and yet a complete positive. The positive position is that private schools have a traditional American right to exist and that they are a tremendous contribution to any community and should be so recognized by the community. I think the negativity here lies in the attempt of members of a community to refuse to recognize the social contribution of private schools, their financial contribution, and their well-deserved right to be regarded, not as a taxable enterprise, but as an institution that offers to any community—far more than taxes—a genuine source of culture. Incidentally, if the State of Iowa ever considers the taxation of private schools, I sincerely hope Mr. McDonald will take a "negative" stand.

The editor who is described as having "helped to prevent Communists from deceiving the American people" might have been better described as the editor who helped expose the basic evil of Communism and its ever-present threat to our nation and to all faith. Negative or positive, this man performed a great service to his community.

Mr. McDonald mentioned that he sees more than forty-five diocesan newspapers every week. So do I. Unfortunately, I am not able to read them all every week. If Mr. McDonald reads all forty-five I question his choice of headlines best typifying the matter and form of the great majority of Catholic publications. He cites as a horrible example "No Catholics Slain in Oklahoma Storm"—evidence to him of extreme "infantilism" and "group chauvinism." First of all, this is by no means a typical headline. Secondly, I would like to know if its author has been given a chance to explain the head. I have been embarrassed more than once by heads in our paper. Perhaps Mr. McDonald has been spared such embarrassment. If so, he enjoys a singular privilege.

Another head cited was "Suicide Not A Catholic." Far from being infantile or chauvinistic, such a head could be quite necessary if secular press coverage indicated the contrary. And, once again, this is not a typical head.

The third head cited by Mr. McDonald was "Cardinal Will Fly Across North Pole." Only seventy-two men make up the present College of Cardinals. In the history of the Church, there have been many Cardinals. Only one has flown across the North Pole. While the North Pole may remain unchanged, this is a news story worthy of a large head.

Finally, negativity, while not popular, has a definite place in our lives. Almighty God was not trying to be popular when He engraved the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone. Of the ten, only two—the third and the fourth—are completely positive in expression; and these have a very important negative implication. The other eight are mostly negative in expression, with heavy positive implications. Yet no one would dare say that the impact of the Decalogue has been merely negative. Every prohibition laid down by Almighty God has been truly a Divine guide to human perfection.

I think that the Catholic Press in general has been struggling with an intensive self-examination. I think it has improved a great deal over many years. I share the opinion of all editors that there is much room for further improvement. I would like very much to hear positive suggestions from Donald McDonald or any one else. I do not think his negative approach is either helpful or accurate.

(*Very Rev. Msgr.*) JOHN M. KELLY,
Editor, *The New World,*
Official Publication of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

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The question we need to face is

whether there can be reading without culture

Developing Cultivated Minds

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

READING IS a fact of civilization, but not necessarily a mark of it. It is well known that a high level of civilization can be attained despite illiteracy, which is not, as one might first think, always linked to destitution. The case of the Incas is a familiar one, and we can presume that few among the sculptors of the Cathedrals knew how to read.

In our present Western civilization the possibility of a highly cultured yet illiterate society has practically disappeared. Now, all children are taught to read. They may not turn into artists, but at least everybody is convinced that there is no culture without reading. For people interested in children's reading today, however, the question to consider is whether there can be reading without culture.

What was, in preceding centuries, the privilege of the few, is now in America everyday fare for the many. There are about fifteen hundred new books for children put on the market every year. These will be distributed in cities and towns through the numerous public and school libraries, and, in remote country areas, by bookmobiles. We can truthfully say that through the bountifulness of these facilities all American children can enter the realm of culture. They can; but do they?

Undoubtedly a great many books are read by children, both for information and amusement. "What is it that children don't know today?" is a current phrase and absolutely to the point, especially as it concerns scientific and technical data. Such factual knowledge is good. Children are naturally curious and it is gratifying to see all the excellent and diversified books of information now put at their disposal. As to amusement, who would complain if children find it in reading?

Mrs. Bishop is the author of many well-known children's books, including *Happy Christmas, The Big Loop, Toto's Triumph* and others.

However there is another side to reading, the cultural side, which many adults, consciously or unconsciously, refuse to heed. Willing to concede that children can derive information and passing amusement from their reading, they will go no further. For they either know nothing about culture, and candidly mistake it for information, or else they sense what it is and distrust it. To them, the evident and convincing worth of reading lies in its being conducive to the mastery of technics indispensable in our specialized world, and in its providing moments of relaxation which help one to keep fit for his job.

Indeed, many no longer seem aware that the accumulation of factual knowledge does not by itself produce a cultured human being, that is, a person whose mind is prepared for the never ending development of its faculties of discernment, appreciation and pleasure in human achievements. Such preparation is not improvised; it is the result of years of "cultivation," during childhood and youth when the mind has to be opened and not crammed, ploughed and not trampled, watered and not flooded. How is this accomplished through reading?

It is done first of all by exercising one's freedom of choice. The greatest possible range of personal choice in reading is within the reach of practically every child in America. Children should be encouraged to use libraries more and more, and, whether or not they seek guidance from librarians or parents, choice can still be theirs. Then, they have to be awakened to the meaning of their choice, that is, the discovery of the form of relationship they can establish between themselves and a book. For this purpose, too, libraries are invaluable. There, children can discover that some books are but pleasing passing acquaintances, others blossom into friends and a few acquire a nearness akin to one's own self. Children

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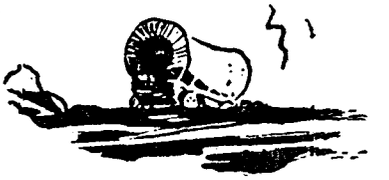

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begin to perceive that books are like people in their degree of affinity. To become cognizant of this fact is to have accomplished already a sort of clearing of the land of one's own mind, that which makes cultivation possible.

THE DIFFERENT categories of affinity in books all have their appropriate places, but civilization takes place mainly through books of the third category, those which have a nearness akin to one's own self. Of such books the child makes companions, freely learns some passages by heart and is able to open a book and find at once a best-loved sentence. It is that intimacy, that companionship with a book which lies at the root of all cultural development. Reading treasures are made of books already read. To the question: "Which books would you like for Christmas?" we should be glad if the child's answer includes the name of a book he already knows. It means that his reading is no longer restricted to curiosity, information and simple entertainment. Without his knowing it, reading is becoming a means of culture for him; he has entered the realm of delight.

But suppose that the child chooses a mediocre book for his bosom friend? It seems to me that we should be careful not to mistake for a lasting liking what is but a passing fad. The fad may last longer than we wish, but there are great chances that continuous exposure to good books will help the child's mind and sensitivity to grow. Moreover, a mediocre book will not stand the test of long intimate relationships, which mean enjoyment in repeated perusals, in quotations, in familiarity with whole passages. The very disclosure of the shortcomings of a book in measuring up to one's first love, helps to liberate, within the child's mind, the forces of discrimination.

Of course, it may happen that some children will never care to establish this cultural relationship with books, and will remain satisfied with information and the simplest delight. People's possibilities are not equal, nor of the same order, and only that which is there already potentially can be quickened. But what is there? We can not know unless the children are given the opportunity to become what they are.

If reading treasures are made of books already read, why bother with the fall crop of new books? Because we do not know which book will become a treasure for a child, which one will start him on the road to culture. Of course, the great books of the past are there for the asking and we can help the child to discover them. But we should not forget either that some new books are worth graduating into classics, or that it is good for a child to develop a feeling of fellowship with present-day writers. Culture is neither wholly of the past nor of the present, it is a way of approach to both.

HAVING outlined briefly the characteristics of cultural reading, it remains for us to decide whether the distrust, or even dismissal, it suffers in many quarters is justified. Is culture desirable? In our present world is not the cultural side of reading an extravagant luxury? If so, why should we bother with such reading? In order to explode a hydrogen bomb, to launch a satellite, to shoot an intercontinental self-guiding missile, or to rocket to the moon, is a cultivated mind necessary? Obviously a tremendous amount of knowledge and know-how is required, but does that mean culture? The fact is that it may or may not, according to the scientist; it is common knowledge that Pierre and Marie Curie, Albert Einstein—to speak only of scientists of the past—were highly cultivated human beings. This stands as evidence that culture cannot be identified solely with literature and art, and that to approach science from a sheer utilitarian point of view is to deny its cultural side.

What we should be after is the development of a cultivated mind per se, regardless of whether the child is scientifically or artistically inclined. And that's where reading takes its proper place. To raise generations who read exclusively for information and light amusement is to build a world of tomorrow where men, in the apt words of Ortega y Gasset, will be "new barbarians, men more and more learned and always more ignorant."

On the other hand, to introduce children to that cultural enjoyment in reading which is a personal experience in relationship, where taste, discernment and sensibility become more and more sharpened and intensified, is to give them the key to a perennial and ever-welling source of understanding and inspiration. Far from being out of place in our present world, this has become indispensable. Indeed, it looks as if scientists, more than anybody else, will need this inner contact with truth and beauty, so that they be constantly renewed from within and can approach their work with a maximum of humanity.

But, one cries, there is no time for this long, unhurried process of cultural reading; competition for making one's own living is too great. Does that mean then that we have to resign ourselves to let the children become "new barbarians"? Is education in America nothing but a conditioning for a job? Have we come to further the development of a human-ant civilization? We all know that there is room for the cultural side of reading if we remain aware of its irreplaceable character. American children can and should be guided toward the development of cultivated minds. In this they will be greatly helped, not by admonitions, but by the daily example we can give them of our own capacity for the learning and deep enjoyment to be derived from reading.

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A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

CHRISTMAS

Christmas Miniature. By Pearl S. Buck. Ill. by Ann Marie Magagna. Day. $2.75.

Small and beautifully tender bedtime story for small people, with delicate pictures. 4-7.

The Year Without Santa Claus. By Phyllis McGinley. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Lippincott. $3.

Brilliant pictures accompany this jolly poem in the Christmas spirit by a gifted writer. 4-8.

The Morning Star. Written and ill. by Lucille Wallover. McKay. $2.50.

Simple, short, dramatic true story of Christmas Eve 1755 in the Protestant Moravian village of Bethlehem, Penn. Plenty about Indians and plenty about music! All ages.

FOLKTALES

The Witches' Ride and Other Tales from Costa Rica. Told and ill. by Lupe de Osma. Morrow. $3.

Original Costa Rica flavor of traditional themes beautifully rendered. 8 up.

Why the North Star Stands Still, and Other Indian Legends. By William R. Palmer. Ill. by Ursula Koering. Prentice-Hall. $3.50.

The Pahute Indians themselves gave Mr. Palmer permission to set in a book these hitherto unknown legends. The many sienna drawings add to the book's distinction. All ages.

Indian Tales of the Desert People. Written and ill. by William D. Hayes. McKay. $3.

Legends of the South Central Arizona Indians. Printed in large type; can interest all ages.

Dumb Juan and the Bandits. By Anita Brenner. Ill. by Jean Charlot. Scott. $2.50.

Mexican version of a classic and popular tale, most effectively retold by a gifted writer and felicitously illustrated by an outstanding artist.

Stories California Indians Told. By Anne B. Fisher. Ill. by Ruth Robbins. Parnassus. $2.95.

A white-cover book with brilliant burnt-gold pictures and a well-written text. All ages.

POETRY

A Pocketful of Poems. By Marie Louise Allen. Ill. by Sheila Greenwald. Day. $2.

Charming tiny poems which will delight small children with the feeling that they themselves have created them. 4-6.

Boy Blue's Book of Beasts. By William Jay Smith. Ill. by Juliet Kepes. Little, Brown. $2.75.

"The Beast that is not fully dressed/Is the Lion in the yellow vest."

Enchanting and whimsical little poems, accompanied with fine humorous drawings. 5-7.

A Little Laughter. Compiled by Katherine Love. Ill. by Walter H. Lorraine. Crowell. $2.50.

Famous authors, funny verse, humorous drawings. Gay, gay, for all, from 5 to 90 plus.

The Painted Cave. By Harry Behn. Harcourt. $3.

A wise prose poem with the quality of the fine old Indian legends. 6 up.

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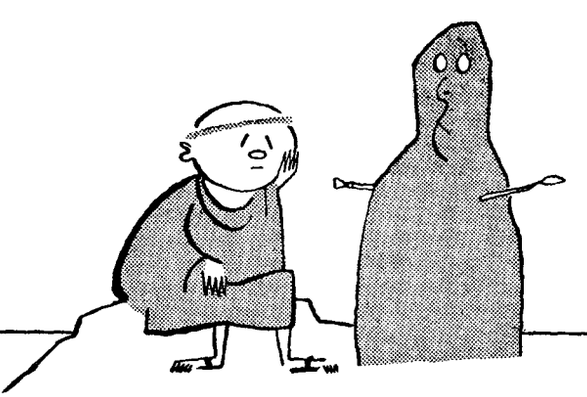

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All the poems, by well-known authors, deal with experiences familiar to a 4 to 8 child.

Untune the Sky. Poems of Music and the Dance. Compiled by Helen Plotz. Ill. with wood engravings by Clare Leighton. Crowell. $3.50.

An unusual collection of verse, from Euripides to the present day, which celebrate music and musicians, dance and dancers. Beautifully illustrated. 12 up.

We also recommend:
Story Poems New and Old. By William Cole. Ill. by Walter Buehr. World. $3.50. All ages.

Read-Aloud Poems every young child should know. Compiled by Marjorie Barrows. Ill. by Marjorie Cooper. Rand McNally. $2.95. 4-8.

PICTURE STORY BOOKS

Time of Wonder. Written and ill. by Robert McCloskey. Viking. $3.50.

A large oblong book about fall days in Maine, with full-page pictures like soft water-colors and a prose poem of lyrical simplicity. Lasting enjoyment for all ages.

Little Bear. By Else Holmelund Minarik. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $2.50.

It's hard to tell which, of the text or pictures, is lovelier or more appropriate to the child. A charming creation for all first-graders to read *themselves.*

The Fisherman and His Wife. Told by the Brothers Grimm. Ill. by Madeleine Gekière. Pantheon. $2.50.

A beautiful modern pictorial interpretation of an old favorite. All ages.

A Doll for Marie. By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey. $2.50.

Fetching text and perfect pictures for this story of a French antique doll. And, inside the cover, a small book for the doll herself!

Ciri-Biri-Bin. Story and pictures by Mel Silverman. World. $2.50.

Mario lived in a poor neighborhood but he wanted to sing. A touching story with brilliant singing colors. 6-10.

Old Bet. By Anne Colver. Ill. by Tony Palazzo. Knopf. $3.

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George Appleton. Story and pictures by Mary Chalmers. Harper. $1.50.

A small endearing bedtime story with exquisite pictures about a sentimental dragon and a tender little cat. 4-7.

Anatole and the Cat. By Eve Titus. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey. $2.25.

The famous cheese-taster mouse continues to live dangerously.

The Sweet Patootie Doll. By Mary Calhoun. Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Morrow. $2.75.

A winning text and fine colored pictures about a doll made out of a sweet potato. Girls, 4-7.

Sleepyhead. By Will and Nicolas. Harcourt. $3.

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Nemo Meets the Emperor. By Laura Bannon. Ill. by Katherine Evans. Whitman. $2.75.

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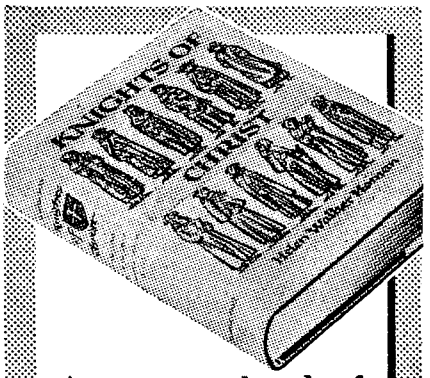

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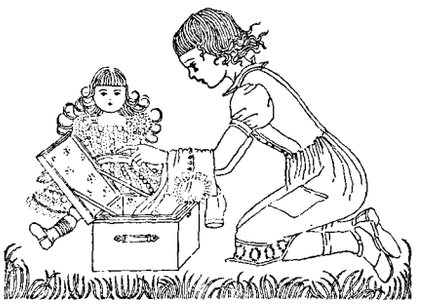

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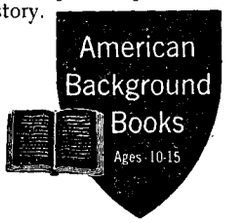

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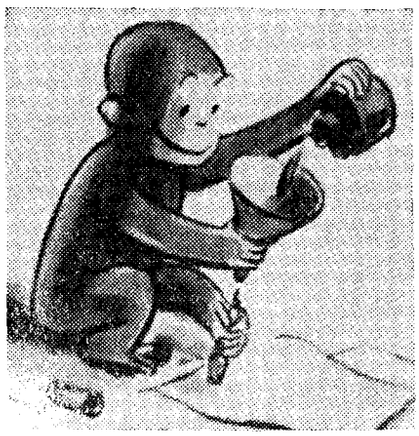

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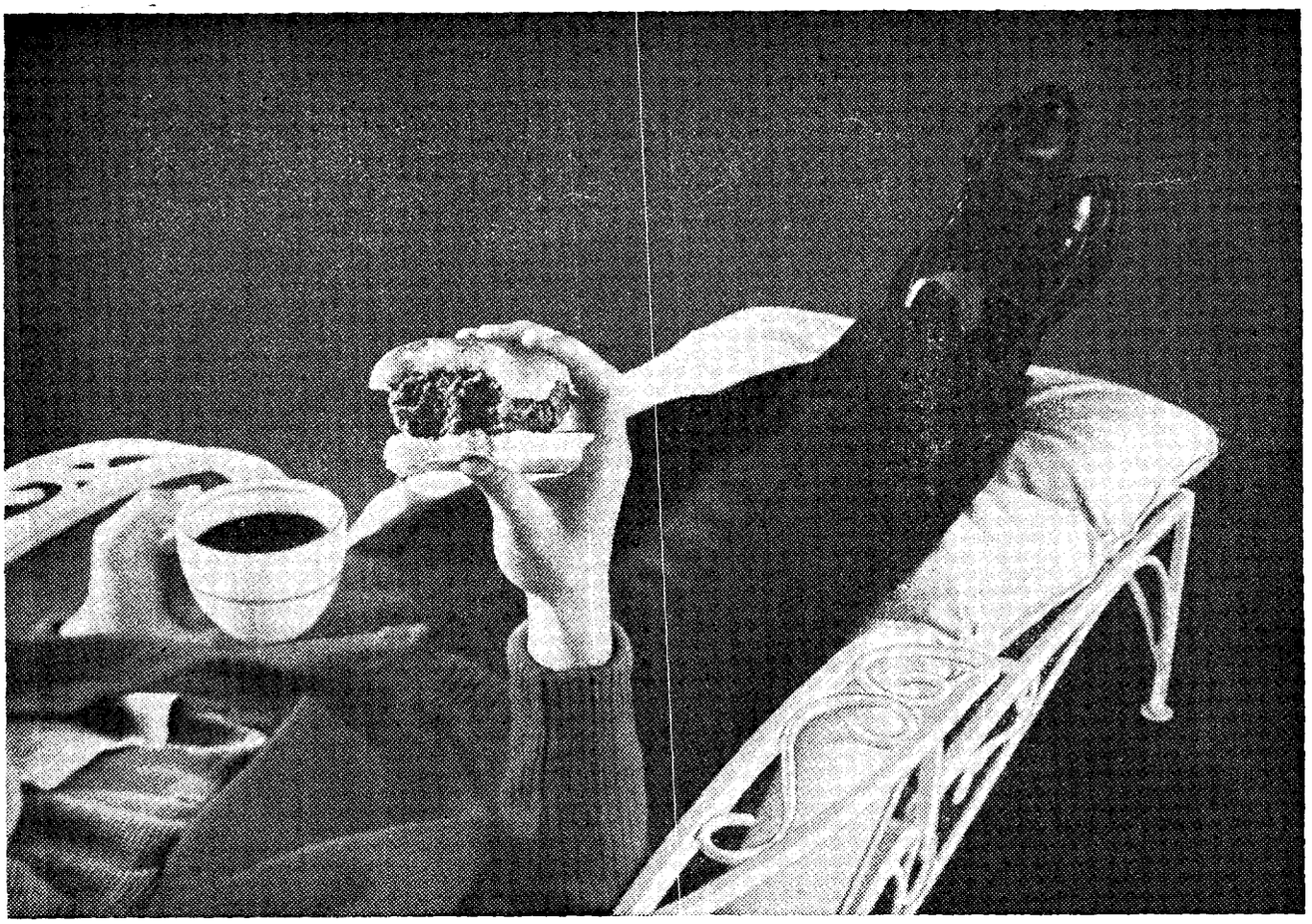

What's made living more fun

THAN IT WAS 80 YEARS AGO?

Would you say *Electricity?* It's certainly done wonders toward increasing our earning power, shortening our working week, and removing drudgery through power equipment.

How about *Engines*—all kinds, steam and internal combustion? Before the engine took over, industry was pretty much confined to a water wheel on a river bank, and travel was at the mercy of wind and animal power. Engines let cities grow in a desert, and ribboned the nation with paved roads.

Or maybe the *Typesetting Machine*, which made books and magazines really amazingly low-priced, has done as much as anything to better living conditions? It certainly helped spread education, and gave the poor man his chance.

But this progress was possible only after steel was made plentiful and inexpensive. Only 80 years ago people knew steel mainly as needles and knives. But the average consumption of steel has jumped in 80 years from virtually nothing to 1400 pounds of steel every year for every man, woman, child, and newborn infant in this country. And with every additional pound, up goes our standard of living.

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